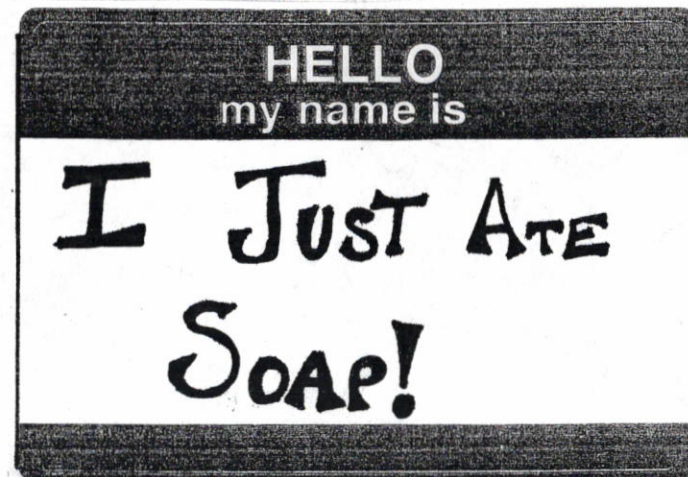


Expiration  
♥ (It's Over)



Emergency

Exit

Publications



Alison S.

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#2





I think I  
just ate  
some soap  
too...

♥ -TL

TL = Ted Leo

I went to see Ted Leo at Virgin Records. Before he played I gave him my zine. He was really good. Afterwards he signed autographs and he told me he read the zine. He also wrote me the above note... What an awesome guy.



Are you dead or  
are you sleeping?

What's Good Now:  
Futurama  
Ted Leo  
Edgar Allen Poe  
Interpol

Thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt  
before

less here for evermore

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed  
thee here ashore,  
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land  
enchanted -  
on this home by horror haunted - tell me truly, I  
implore -  
Is there - is there balm in Gilead? - tell me - tell me, I  
implore!

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Every exit is an entrance  
to somewhere.



# Media Emergency

I can't throw anything away. Including people. My life is just one pile of stuff after another. My room is full of crap that I insist on saving, "just in case". When I pack, I pack for snow in the middle of summer, and for swimming in the middle of winter. "Just in case". It is hard to move around when you are me; everything I do is hindered by a trail of people and things that I insist on hanging onto.

Even old friendships. I refuse to get rid of them, even if they are clearly through. People I don't like, I will smile at, "hello, how are you?" conversations fill my days. I won't scowl, "just in case".

I keep everything close to me. And this makes me desperate. As soon as I see something I once had is ending, I try ceaselessly to get it back, even if I never wanted it in the first place. My grades, my friends, they don't even like me anymore.

And yet, I despise the people who voice these opinions. I can't stand the "everybody hates me" people. These people want *you* to try to hold onto *them*. They want everyone at their beck and call; they want the results without the effort.

But, these people, too, I will stick myself with. "Just in case".

It's like my birthdays. I hate getting older. It seems to me that a new year does not represent a new beginning, but rather the loss of an opportunity to make things right. I will never again get a chance to be 16. Things can no longer be resolved during 16. I am no longer a sweet 16, nor will I ever be going on 17 again. I have left something behind. Something that I would have held onto if it was at all possible. And, of course, I regret not making more of the year when I had the chance.

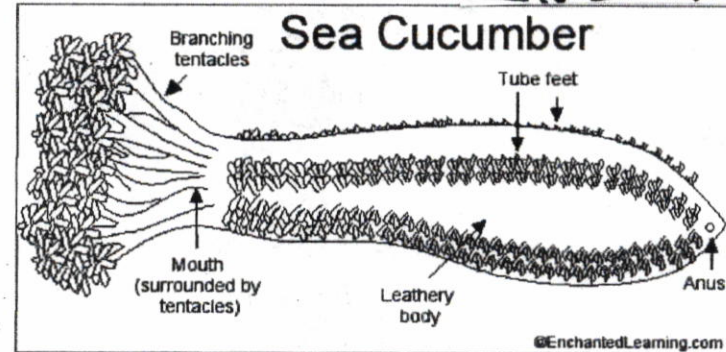
Yet, this was one of the worst years ever. Not a horrible year, but the year my mother decided she had MS, the year I had to find new friends, an almost impossible feat, the year I gained 20 pounds and lost any semblance of self esteem. But it doesn't matter, I miss the year. I think, maybe if I'd made it happy I would still be 16. If I'd only held onto what I cared about I'd still be one year younger, have one more year to live. Even though I am so much happier now than I ever was at 16, I long for 16 because I know I will never get it back.

I long for friendships I that never made feel liked; size zero jeans that never made me feel thin, and good grades that never made me feel smart. And I wish I had them, "just in case".



Devil  
Squirrel

The Sea Cucumber: disgusting



Of any living thing, I think that sea cucumbers have to be the most disgusting. If you scare them, they spit out their internal organs and then grow them back later. Also, they eat decaying matter and have spikes, tentacles, and suction feet, their babies float around and then "settle" somewhere. Some of them are toxic. They can move around, or just attach themselves to a rock. Sometimes there are huge "herds" of sea cucumbers on the ocean floor. They have no brains, and no spines. If I ever came across a herd of sea cucumber on the ocean floor I think I would die out of sheer disgust! I mean, just look at the diagram, what the hell is that!?

Pious,  
Blue Eyed  
Killer

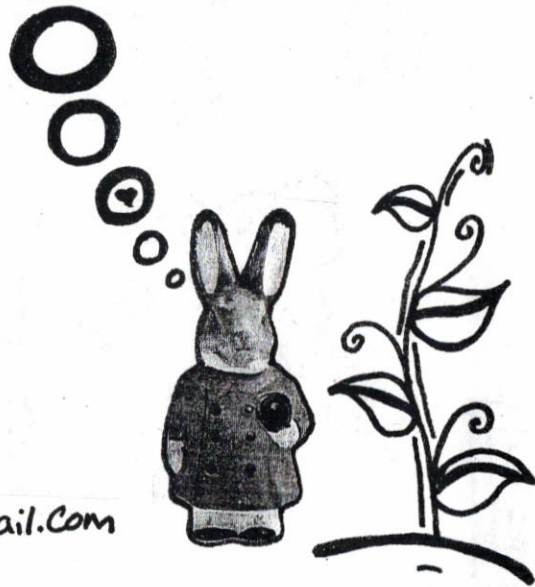




ARGH! I wish I had magic!

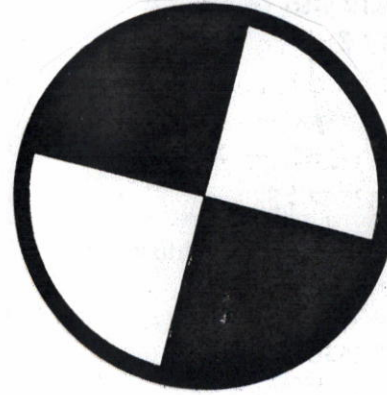
Ok, so, I have this stupid record player and it's all hooked up, but I can't find the stupid needle! I don't know where or how to get one, or, if I need a needle, or a needle + cartridge. Also, I feel like a heroin addict because I've been searching the word needle for the past 2 hrs!

COVERT  
ACTIONS



Email me:  
IJustAteSoap@gmail.com

Craptastic(adj.) - something that tries to be awesome, but totally sucks.



ex.-JRL is craptastic!



The 2nd Coolest  
Kid on  
Earth



Flippant in perfection  
and yet, I don't know where it comes from.

If you could tell me where to find your magic potion,  
I would buy a whole case.







It's easy to be different; it's hard to be the same. I mean, think about it. How much is the individual stressed lately? Be yourself, right? Damn the man, fuck the establishment, don't be a lemming, sheep, whore. But, I mean, the sameness is the only way that the different people distinguish themselves. Now, it's all just a contest for who can be the **MOST** different.

In the 50's you were different if you wanted women's rights, now, to be different, you have to wear black clothes, not wash, scar yourself, and do drugs. Being insane is no longer different either. Think about all the kids in therapy. The only way to be different now is to broadcast it. And, even so, you will encounter a whole army of broadcasting sameness.

No, I think the only way to be different these days is to embrace the fact that **YOU ARE THE SAME.**

蘿髮シテ常態ト号シ法服



butterball leighton coupon assert espouse gabbro  
proper doyle inviolate  
dictatorial cowboy gnp concede ellipse decompose  
polymorphic croupier modesty  
whelan quintet.



I swallowed a staple!

I swallowed a staple. It was an accident, but I did it. I was chewing on it, moving it around in my mouth, and then, all of a sudden, it wasn't there anymore. I didn't really think it was a big deal, until I said "oops, I swallowed a staple", and everyone else freaked out. They said it would get stuck in my intestines or something, which scared the crap out of me. I was so scared I got a stomach ache and thought I could maybe feel it moving around in my body somewhere.

I never heard from that staple again, so I'm assuming it *didn't* get stuck in my intestines, but, just in case, if I die young I want everyone to know that it was the staple's fault...



(space Pirates)

The staple



Wow





# Happy Hours Happy PEOPLE...

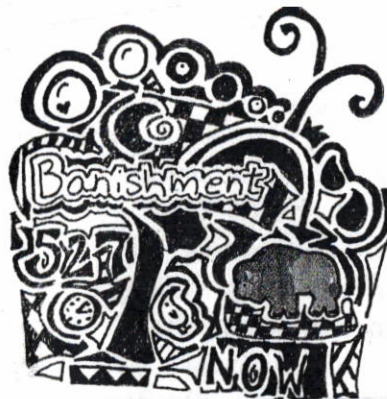


Chelsea Skye  
xchelseaskyex@aol.com

\* I hate that girls can't get with guys and not be called a pimp these days. What is that? they are automatically sluts and guys are automatically players - it's really not fair. If I'm drunk and I want to get some ass from several contestants, I'd be slutty, which it's not - guys are like a buffet table: you take a little from each and see what you might like. If I'm left in a desert, with three guys and one girl and I got with all 3, the girl would call me a slut - but there's an excuse cause I'm stuck in a desert. A lot of people say it's slutty also to kiss a lot of people but I'm not sleeping with them, just tasting. Thank you.

9:00

Wednesday

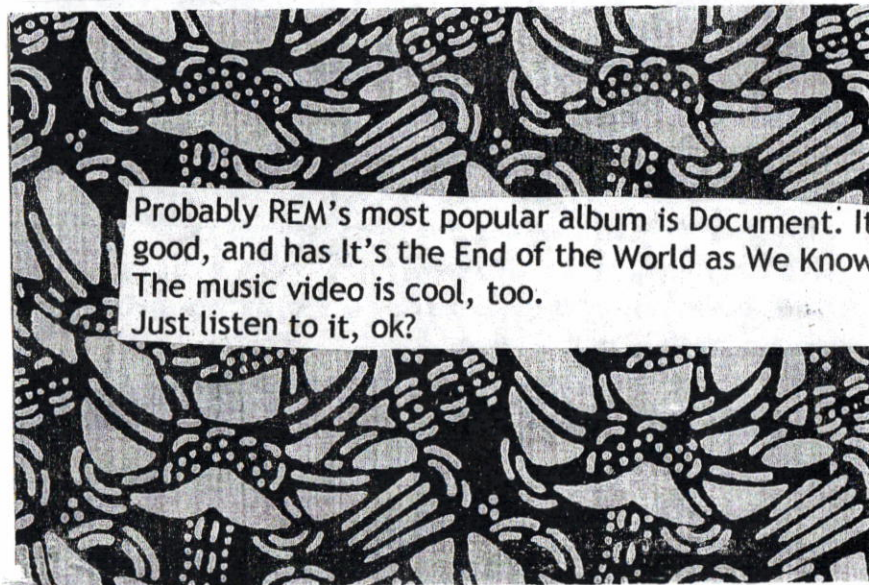


REM

- Document



Visit Here: [WWW.RealUltimatePower.Com](http://WWW.RealUltimatePower.Com)



Probably REM's most popular album is Document. It's good, and has 'It's the End of the World as We Know it'. The music video is cool, too. Just listen to it, ok?

